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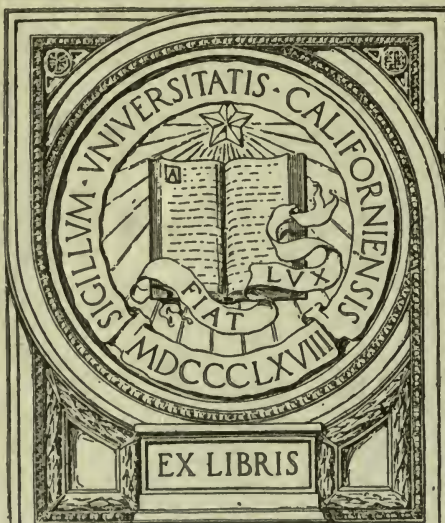


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Frank S. Farquhar



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Songs of Cheer



BY
FRANK S. FARQUHAR

to the library of the University of California
from Frank S. Farquhar, author
Feb. 5, 1932

SONGS of CHEER

By

FRANK S. FARQUHAR



UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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BY FRANK S. FARQUHAR

TO YOU
AND YOURS

PRESS OF THE HANSEN CO., S. F.

This Book
I dedicate
to my good wife,
Minnie Glover,
And to
the Boys and Girls
of the town of
Livingston,
California

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FOREWORD

*A gem may be a diamond fine,
And glitter for your praise;
A book may be but words in line,
Yet deep in what it says.*

My purpose in writing these Songs of Cheer is that I might be relieved of a surplus of the divine afflatus, while, at the same time, adding a little of the sweet to the sordid things that hedge us about. Poetry was the first agency through which humankind expressed the finer emotions of life. In the past, the higher ideals of man were moulded of it. From it sprang the songs of every race, and in every clime it flourished. When attuned in the Spirit of Love, its influence is for a better morality; and when most abundant, hate, selfishness, greed and lust fade into nothing. In every human breast there are poetic thoughts, varying according to the degree of fineness. Many understand and appreciate these thoughts, but the few have the art of putting them into words and lines. Rhythm and meter being the cardinal elements of poetry, I submit these verses for the reader's consideration. I wrote them in my leisure hours, when Mistress Muse was most ardent in her attention; and I hope you will have the same pleasure in reading them that I have had in the writing.

—Frank S. Farquhar.

*Livingston, California,
December 11, 1920.*

In the Open

There's ever a joy in the song of the birds,
There's ever a smile on the ripening grain,
The wild fragrant flowers bloom deep in the dell,
And ever the swallows row a course in the rain.

The goldenrod nods ever blithesome and gay,
The whippoorwill calls in the gloom of the wood,
There's nothing so fine as the life out of doors,
There's nothing so grand nor so rare nor so good.

O give me the fields where the brooks ever croon,
And give me the hills where the daisies are fair;
There's nothing so pure as grey-tinted skies,
There's nothing so fresh as the clear, pulsing air.

There's ever repose in the purpling dusk,
When owls hoot alarms from afar in the oaks;
There's ever a glint from the stars in the sky
When frogs in the pond oft regale with their croaks.

There's ever a song o'er the land far and wide,
Where man and his kine and the birds and the bees
Combine to be friends, with faith and with joy,
And selfishness fades like leaves of the trees.

O here I shall dwell in the joy of this life,
O here I shall have and to hold and to reap,
O here I shall wish that my friends and my foes
Shall come to my hearth for a tryst to keep.

A Song of the Wild

The roses and daisies and gay daffodils,
The sweet trilling bob-white, the wild mountain rills,
I love thy rare beauty, thy songs and thy flowers,
That come a grand cadence from heaven's fair bowers.

To sleep in thy presence my bed shall be made,
And prayers in thy honor to the shall be said;
My dreams shall be charming, thy will shall be done,
Till winter has fallen—you then I shall shun.

Then cold in the bosom of winter shall hide
Thy charms and thy beauty till springtime betide:
What mystery, what secret binds up in thy life?
I see but thy beauty, thy songs in the strife.



Christmas Time

It's sleepy-time and bed-time,
And happy hours are here,
For Christmas in the morning
Is coming with its cheer.

The child looks up to Santa
For the candy and the toys,
But you look to your friendships
To help along your joys.

O Christmas-time and joy-time,
How happy when they're here,
They fill our hearts with gladness,
And bring us all good cheer.

The Hour

Take up the burden, men of faith,
And carry while you work;
Come, make a solemn oath this day
To never duty shirk.

Against wrongs done in wicked strife
Strike while you have the power,
For comes the time, when days are spent,
And you have missed the hour.



Noon-Time

How sweet are June-time day dreams,
When youth is in its noon;
For all the world is singing,
And everything's in tune.

How lovely are the dreamers!
How wonderful is Love!
For they are made for June-time,
The same as cooing dove.



Among the Roses

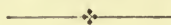
There's a cottage in the valley,
Where the wild, sweet roses blow,
Full of mellow, sweet remembrance
Of the days that swiftly go.

Oh, my dearie, I am waiting
For the time when you and I
Will together gather roses
While the world goes flitting by.

May-Time

There is no time like May-time—
Then all the world is fair,
The apple trees are blooming,
And Love is everywhere.

Then I shall find my dearie
Awaiting there for me:
What love there is in May-time,
The greatest time that be!



What's the Use

What is the use complaining
Of your ailments and your pains?
For they will give you trouble
Whether sun shines or it rains.

There is no use complaining
Of the ills that flesh is heir:
Just fill your soul with sunshine
And spread gladness everywhere.



In Blossom Time

I am thinking of the footsteps
Where the blossoms used to fall,
And the beauty of my dearie,
The sweetest girl of all;
There's a song within our hearts yet,
Same old song we used to sing,
When the apples still were blooming
In that long remembered spring.

The Summer's End

The autumn winds are blowing,
And the transient birds are going
With the season to their winter southland home;
The yellow leaves are falling,
And the wild geese now are calling
To their mates that they are going far to roam.

The summer's happy ending
Into fall is gently blending
Like a picture that is painted on the wall;
The lovers have no hating
For the winter that is waiting
With the indoor warmth and pleasure at its call.

The tide of time is flowing
With the Reaper's silent mowing
O'er the land where life is bounteous in its yields;
There is for each no sorrow
For the things that come tomorrow,
As the future holds most sacred what it shields.



Mother's Voice

There is music, there is magic,
In a voice I still may hear;
It is gone, but still I hear it,
For my memory makes it clear.

Ah, if memory were not with us,
Sentiments would be in vain,
For it is the things of childhood
Puts us on a level plain.

The Message of the Daisy

Don't you see the daisies growing by the walk—
Little Shasta daisies that to you may talk?
See them turn their star-face with the going sun,
Watch them nod and winking, each and every one!

Oh, you Shasta daisy, how I love you so,
You seem never weary as through life you go;
Won't you tell me, daisy, what your pureness says,
"Sure, I will," says daisy, "brighten darksome days."



The Star

Lo! in the east a Star was seen,
And wise men came to view
The halo with its mystic sheen,
For prophets' words came true.

Throughout the world there was proclaimed
Good tidings of the hour,
And those who looked in awe exclaimed:
"Behold HIS wondrous power!"

Adown the years the Star has gleamed
Without a fading ray:
Until the time men are redeemed
It shall be but The Way.

O Star of little Bethlehem,
Thy portent on life limns,
Thou art the universal gem
That clouds nor darkness dims.

Sweeter Things

There is a bit of sweetness
In every heart that beats,
From many bits of sadness
Come many bits of sweets.

If you should bind your heart up
Against seductive smiles
You should not know the sweetness
In any afterwhiles.

In many of our heart aches
Are many sweeter things
Than we shall ever know of
The while the tempter sings.



Dreaming, Dear

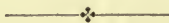
Of you I shall be dreaming, dear,
When you are far away,
And you I shall be wishing near
Through every living day.

The roses will be blooming, dear,
When you return to me,
But all the roses of the year
Will not be sweet as thee.

One song we'll sing together, dear,
For sweet remembrance sake,
We shall not shed another tear,
And will sweet kisses take.

The Brook

The little brook is winding across the meadow green
To reach the mighty ocean where it is never seen :
It comes from out the woodland, like crystals from the sky,
It dapples on forever, and ever sings good-bye.
How sweetly it is going, a symbol of a life,
That flows along so nobly without one little strife.



Love-Time Prayer

Why should one rose be whiter
Than any other rose,
Unless it be far purer
Than anybody knows?

Why should the skies be brighter
When clouds have passed away,
Unless the skies are clearer
When Love has come to stay?

There's nothing in one's fancy
Just like clear skies above
To drive away the shadows
That darken ties of love.

Reveal to me the day-dreams
Of youth and maiden fair—
How mortal and how fleeting—
They are the love-time prayer.



The white rose has its beauty
For everyone to see;
It's blooming in the June-time
Is for all lovers free.

Listen As You Pass By

The humming birds are skimming where the lilacs are in bloom,
The striped-yellow spider is busy on his loom,
The bee delves in the petal of the horn-pipe on the vine,
And all the birds are singing songs that are for me and mine.

I listen to the murmur of the little things around—
I see the beauty hidden wherein all is secret bound—
You wonder what the story is that each one has to tell;
Ah, therein lies the mystery, like the echoes of a bell.

No words by things are spoken like the words of tongue
and voice,
Yet if you listen closely you will hear dumb things rejoice:
For each one has a language that will speak to you and I,
If only you will listen when you pass the mute things by.



The Day at Morn

If you go and watch the sunrise
When no cloud is in the sky
You shall have a day of bounty,
And will never have a sigh.

You will find that dew is clearer,
As it falls upon the rose,
When the sky is lit by starlight,
And the world is in repose.

You may watch and you may wonder
At the coming hour of day,
But shall never solve the mystery
Why it goes to never stay.

Let the Sunlight In

Little streams of golden sunlight
Trickle from the heart of yours
If you open up the shutters,
Fling ajar the locken doors.

Sunlight dries the springs of mildew
Welling from the selfish heart,
Blows away the dust of anger,
Causing sorrow to depart.

If your heart is heavy laden,
And you have no friends worth while,
Open wide your doors to sunlight,
And let in a pleasant smile.

For the smile is what you need most
When the world is going wrong,
It will help you ride down trouble,
Help you sing a little song.



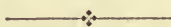
Dreaming

Fair and lovely is the maiden
That my heart would now consume,
Sitting by the doorstep smiling
Where the morning glories bloom.
Vieing with the fragrant lilies,
As they blow in early June,
Sits she silently and dreaming
Of young love-time's early boon.
In my loving I am happy,
Like the lark up in the sky,
For the world has not a trouble
In its passing of us by.

Old-Fashioned

Behold! wild roses, lilacs blue,
The hollyhock, the primrose too,
And mignonette and columbine,
The smilax and the eglantine—
Old fashioned flowers, I love you still
As in the day down by the mill,
Where youth and maiden, hand in hand,
A-journeyed on the golden strand.

A path of roses laid for me
Across the green of meadows free,
Unto the land where fairies dwell,
With music sweet the echoes swell.
Ah, shall we find a love more deep
Than that in Love's eternal keep?
Unless it be where flowerets blow
Old-fashioned as the purest snow.



Day Fairies

A dreamer of the day-dreams,
Of happy times and good,
I see the fairies flutter
O'er meadow and the wood.

They wake me up at twilight,
And dance adown the east,
They fill our hearts with gladness
And tarry while we feast.

O fairies of our day-dreams,
Companions of the light,
I wonder where you go to
When I'm asleep at night.

Joy-Time

Christmas-time is joy-time
All the world around,
It's the time for children
Wherever they are found.

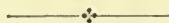
Bring them toys and dollies,
And the candies sweet,
It's the time for children,
Give them what is meet.



A Tear-Drop

A tear is like a dew-drop
Flooding on the rose,
Just why it falls so sadly
Not a body knows.

It wells up from the heart-depths,
Crystals from the soul,
It comes, a benediction,
Burdens to unroll.



With the Roses

Love is with the roses
Blooming in the dell,
Waiting for the bridegroom
And the wedding bell.

Don't they bloom so gaily
In their little hour?
Love is with them waiting
In sunshine or shower.

Young and Fair

A smile is on her face tonight,
A rose is in her hair,
She holds aloft the golden light
That's for the young and fair.

So in the heart of everyone
Is found some good worth while:
A gracious act, a good deed done,
Will always bring a smile.



Day Dreams

O sing to me of poppies
That golden all the fields,
They bring to me the day dreams
That all my fancy yields.

O little yellow poppies,
With faces all ablow,
One look from you brings blessings,
A fairer afterglow.



The Promise

In the early time of morning
You shall know the coming day:
If the rainbow bows the heaven,
You should tarry by the way;
If the sky is bright and smiling,
And your heart is free from care
You shall find the path Delightful,
And you'll want to linger there.

Waiting Promises

I'm waiting for my sweetheart by the singing brook,
Anticipating kisses that I never took;

A winsome little lassie, hair just like the gold,
A faithful little sweetheart, not so very old;

For she and I were playmates in our childhood time,
Each hour was full of pleasure and of love sublime:

I'm waiting for the kisses, many as can be,
I know she soon will bring them, for she promised me.



The Linnet's Song

When the dew is on the roses,
And the spider's in his den,
There's a jolly, sweet crescendo
Of the linnets now and then.

Hear his cheery notes come rising,
As the sun climbs out his bed—
Ho, the rollicking little linnet
Comes to greet me as night fled.

There's no sorrow in his singing,
After night has come the day,
All is splendor, all is ringing,
With the joys that pass his way.

Oh, my brother, hark and listen
As the dew falls from the rose,
Listen to the linnet singing;
Gladness from him freely flows.

Heart Throbs

It makes me sad just thinking how the swallows used to
row
Upon the wind in springtime when the clouds were
hanging low;
It makes my heart more tender dreaming of the robin's
song
That floated on the twilight as the evening went along.

Back come the tender graces of the days that springtime
made
Into magic, splendid beauty, that my young life overlaid;
I hear my playmates calling, as they rollicked on the green,
With all that vim and virtue that in child-life is but seen.

O give to me the joy-time of the long remembered spring,
When apple-blooms were falling, falling as the birds would
sing:
All heartaches then would vanish, like the magic of the
rose,
When it has ceased its blooming at the time its life would
close.



The Welkin Rings

The day is full of cheerful sounds,
While one is brooding trouble,
Why can't one go his daily rounds
Without one seeing double?

This life is filled with joyful things,
That very few can see;
Of joy of earth the welkin rings
To summon you and me.

The Song of the Heart

There's a song in every ripple of the noisy little brook,
Filling all the woods with gladness and a happy, smiling
look;

There's a song within our heart yet, rippling with the
fading years,
Filling deep the soul with sweetness, with no trace of
passing tears.



Springtime Singing

Miss Jennie Wren is singing
This lovely springtime day,
Her little voice is ringing
Full of the joy of May.

What tidings does she bring you
On vernal winds so fair?—
Ah, love songs that she sings true,
And sings them everywhere.

Did you but fetch your singing
Straight out of heart's deep lairs
Your songs would not be dinging
So strident with your cares.

Nor would you then be sighing,
And telling all your woes,
That sets a friend to crying
Whichever way he goes.

So listen to the love lays
That Jennie Wren may sing—
They'll bring to you the May days
Of life's eternal spring.

The Song of the Heart

There's a song within my heart yet
That my mother used to sing,
'Twas a lullaby of childhood
Played upon a harper's string;
There's no note of lilting skylark
Like the note of long ago,
With its melancholy sweetness
Fading on the years that go.

Still I hold in fond remembrance
All the things of that dear home,
Where was taught Life's greatest duties,
As about the world I roam:
In whatever land I journey,
On whatever sea I sail
There I find that ever present
Steadfast heart with me prevail.

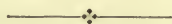
Still there comes to me unsummoned,
Clear as call of bob-o-link,
Pictures mirrored, like a painting,
In the spring where we would drink;
Still there comes adown the twilight
Of the evening times like June,
Legions of the days now numbered—
Happy days that passed too soon.

All too soon has fickle fortune
Guided me to foreign shores,
All too soon has wily magic
Opened up unwelcome doors;
But no matter whence I travel,
Nor what land to which I roam,
There will cling to me the memory
Of my childhood happy home.

In Memory

The bud of my childhood, the flower of my youth,
The sweetest of lassies that ever did sing,
Has filled me with rapture, and glory, forsooth,—
Ah, all but sweet memories have taken to wing.

The maid of my youth time, my beacon of love,
Gave me the sweet garlands that touched her fair brow,
And deep in my bosom I hold them above
The greatest of pleasures that come to me now.



Sing True

When the shadows of life are falling,
And the way looks dark to you,
Stop awhile and sing a love song—
Sing the song that is not new.

There's abiding sweet forbearance
When you sing true from the heart,
All the clouds that hang so darkening
From your soul will then depart.



I Love for That

My lassie has a rose for me,
And I have one for her;
She kisses hers and throws to me,—
And mine I throw to her.

My lassie has a kiss for me—
Well, how do I know that—?
I know she has a kiss for me,
Because I love for that.

A Lament

For a cot and a rose and a lassie so sweet,
I shall sing all the day with a gladness complete;
I'm in love with her now and my heart swells with pride,
For I think—ah, I know—I may soon have a bride.

What a rosebud of scarlet, a sweet little thing,
That I have in my dearie who wills me to sing
Of the days that are passing, like magic old wine—
She will come and be happy, a clinging young vine.

In my soul I am lonesome for someone to be
As a tempter beguiling like music set free—
Oh, a cot and a rose and a lassie so sweet,
Are the things that I wish ere my life is complete.



The Hollyhocks

Remembrance of the garden wall,
All set with hollyhocks—
A bright-eyed lass, so young and tall,
And waving golden locks—
Still keeps me young as in that day,
When she and I together,
Held hands and vowed to go our way
In fair and in foul weather.

Today the hollyhocks still bloom,
And bees are buzzing round,
The spider works upon his loom
The wary fly to bound,
While she and I are watching them
The same as yesterday—
In everything we see the gem
That makes for life a play.

A Song and a Smile

A song and a smile to each is worth while,
If you travel where lilies are gay;
A word and a nod to him who is sad,
Gives promise of peace for a day;
If you play but your part right out of your heart,
And fudge not on Time's precious hours,
Then you shall compare with those that are there,
And bask 'mid elisian fair bowers.



The Test

You may sing about the fairies
And the finer joys of life,
You may talk about your dainties
And the pleasures in the strife,
But for me, give me my dearie,
In the cottage by the mill,
And the music that comes rippling
With the water down the hill.

There is love there in the cottage
In the sunshine or the rain
That has harmony and beauty
With the grinding of the grain;
There is happiness and pleasure
Found in every creaking wheel
Like the music that comes flowing
Without woe and full of weal.

You will find that life is pleasant
If your heart is beating true,
Does not matter where you live at,
For the test is all in you.

A Plea

If you will let me I will love you,
My little fussy gal,
You know I have not got a sou,
Yet I can be your pal.

I will do without tobacco,
And every other vice,
If only I can be your beau—
Now don't you say it twice.

Singing

Hand in hand we go together,
Singing of the world so bright;
Everyone meets some dull weather
Ere the day turns into night.

Never mind your times of sorrow,
Singing drives away all pain,
For of trouble if you borrow
Life will then be lived in vain.

Home

Love, and a home and a garden so fine,
Some books and a smile, and things superfine,
The voice of the child, the scent of the lea,
In a land of sweet charms where all is so free—
Ah, bless us, and help us, and keep us from harm,
And give us that glory for all full of charm:
I love it and keep it that I may behold
The sunshine and beauty that never grows old.

Sweetheart's Smiles

My sweetheart has the bluest eyes,
The sweetest, reddest lips,
She is to me my Paradise,
And I her nectar sips.

How mortal is this vale of tears!
We love and have our day!
Could we but live into the years,
Bliss could not pass away.

But we are made of selfishness,
And joy we fret much o'er,
Yet why should we those things that bless
Would wish forever more?

The tide of life breaks on the beach,
Like ocean's beat and roar,
We pray aloud, our God beseech,
To seek the other shore.

Yet grieve we much to let joys go
That in this world we hold,
We fear that we shall never know
When we in death are cold.

So give to me my sweetheart's smile,
The laugh of tender years;
There's nothing else that is worth while
In all this vale of tears.

The Magic Is Waiting

What is the use repining when the sun is shining bright,
The day is made for sunshine, darkness only comes at night.

You think you have your troubles when a cloud comes o'er the sky.
And let imagination cause the making of a sigh.

Go out into the country, get away from narrow walls,
The sun is shining brightly—you he beckons, you he calls.

You then will cease repining, and your cares will fall away,
What magic there is waiting if you go out THERE to play.



Why?

A man went up to Hickorytown
To get a glass of ale,
He got so much that he fell down,
And then was sent to jail.

It does seem strange why things are so,—
Why men are sent to jail;
We preach to them and want to know
Just why they are so frail.

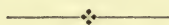
But don't you think that you and I
Are very much to blame?
We teach a deal and then we sigh
Because we're put to shame.

Some men are weak and quickly fall
If tempted overmuch,
While some there are don't care at all
Whose name they would besmutch.

Blue Eyes

Those eyes are like the stars of night
That twinkle long past morn,
They set my soul afire to know
That they are now foresworn.

Hadst I not seen their blinding flash,
Beheld their depths of fire,
At peace my soul would rest tonight
Freed from the Siren's lyre.



Sunday Bells

I hear the glad bells ringing
From far across the lea;
What memories they are bringing
For none to know but me!

How oft, and full of splendor,
They pealed on Sunday morn;
Their music was so tender
That hardened hearts were torn.

And often do I wonder
Why clanging bells so clear
Come cross the years way yonder
With memories so dear.

And oft I think how pious
Were days when I was young,
How men then worked for Jesus,
And how His praises sung.

Ah, vagrant still is memory
In these our later years!
A little of old piety
Would drive away our fears.

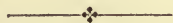
A Child's Night

When bats sail round at eventide,
A hush comes o'er the vale;
On ghostly steeds the owls will ride,
Up hill and down the dale.

Then witches come to plague our wits,
Or scare us out of breath;
Above the moon a Woman sits,
An omen of sure death.

In somnolence we seek our bed,
To sleep, and dream, perchance,
But nightmares come with pondrous tread
To reel, careen and dance.

The terror with the night flies away,
The child comes into light;
He lives to play while there is day,
Forgetful of the night.



The Cottage

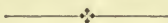
A pleasant little cottage
Sits in a pleasant vale,
Where music comes at twilight
As like a sweeping gale;
And biding in the cottage
Is Love for all the day,
Awaiting those who pass it
A-journeying on the way.
O blessed little cottage,
Where Peace and Love shall reign,
How happy would we all be
Could each a cottage gain.

A Good Turn

There is a smile upon the rose
That's never seen elsewhere;
From whence it comes nobody knows,
But it is always there.

It may be red, or pink, or white,
Yet smiles it all the while;
It blooms by day or in the night,
With nothing to beguile.

So like the rose should each one be,
With smiles for everyone;
In every little smile set free
There is a good turn done.



The Prince of Love

The winds will blow, as you may know,
Across the desert burning;
The sun will shine on thee and thine
In every way of turning.

But if you keep the smile so cheap,
It costs you naught for smiling,
The Prince of Love who reigns Above
Will help you Time beguiling.



Evening

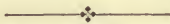
The children shout at twilight,
Playing on the green;
The bullfrogs croak profoundly
And are never seen;
The robin chants his vespers
Sweetly near his mate—
Ah, what a joyful evening
Thus I contemplate!

When May-Time Comes Again

Why murmur when the skies are blue,
And life is young and fair,
For after while your dreams come true,
And Love is everywhere.

The meadows green and birds will sing
When May-time comes around,
And happy then the bells will ring
With every mellow sound.

To everyone the winters come
With snow and sleet and rain,
And peace and joy shall be the sum
When May-time comes again.



Being Ready

Tell me all your troubles,
Little, little boy;
Have you any hardships?
Have you any joy?

Sure you have your troubles,
Sure you have your joy,
For the two together
Makes the manly boy.

World is very easy
If you work with will,
But it's hard to travel
Going up the hill.

Don't you shirk a duty,
While you work or play,
Plan on being ready
Beginning of the day.

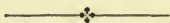
Night's Love Song

In the evening just at sunset,
When the glow is on the sky,
Sad and sweet from out the woodland,
Comes the whippoorwill's far cry.

In the fading hush and quiet,
As the shadows fall away,
Wild and weird is the bird song
Chanted for departing day.

Then as darkness palls the landscape
O'er the valley and the hill,
Echoes fearfully, yet charming,
The wilding song of whippoorwill.

Seems it like the dirge of dying
When the soul has taken flight;
But 'tis not for purpose mournful,
'Tis a love-song of the night.



Pledge of the Sweets

There never was a rose so sweet
As those that bloom for Meenie;
They fill the arbored fields to greet
All those who love my dearie.

Pluck not the bud and leave the stem
For me and for my Meenie,
Just let them bloom that all of them
Will hold their sweets for dearie.

I pledge the sweets of every rose
For faithful, loving Meenie,
I vow to you nobody knows
How much I love my dearie.

In the Garden

We walked into the garden
When cherries were in bloom;
The petals fell like snowflakes,
Swept up by Vernal's broom.

The bluebirds sang so merrily
A piping tune of spring,
The chick-a-dees were twitting
The other birds to sing.

Then life to us was budding
Like roses blooming white,
The world was yet before us,
With mellow, burning light.

The vows that we then uttered,
With fragrance of the spring,
Are vows that we still cherish,
For yet they make us sing.



The Dreams I Dream

When the springtime comes again, my dear,
And lilacs scent the air,
When the tulips are in bloom, my dear,
Shall you and I be there?

When the sweetest songs of life, my dear,
Are singing all the day,
Then the sweetest charms of you, my dear,
Shall come to me to stay.

When the night-time comes for me, my dear,
And I am in my sleep,
Then the dreams I dream are yours, my dear,
And ever for your keep.

Love's Call

Far o'er the hills and valleys,
By river bank and lake,
Is heard the voice of Cupid
Each one to overtake;
You hear it in the sedges,
On lea and open roads,
Along the streets of cities—
What heart throbs it forebodes!

[Chorus]

O sing to me of love-time,
What joy it holds for all!
The splendor of your dreaming
Is from your Lover's call.

The lovely maid is sighing
For Cupid's tender grace,
And on the way goes dreaming
The youth with beaming face;
The mocking-bird is singing
Love notes in silent dells,
And solemn owls are hooting
In belfry of the bells.

[Chorus]

O sing to me of love-time,
What joy it holds for all!
The splendor of your dreaming
Is from your Lover's call.

Whistling

A barefoot boy goes down the road—
And that was long ago—
He whistles tunes to lighten his load,
The tunes we all should know.

What of our youth and later life,
If whistling were not ours?
It helps illumine our worldly strife
And strew our path with flowers.



Autumn-Time

The wind is blowing soft and sweet
Across the meadow ways,
And autumn-time has come to greet
Us in the parting days.

There is no time like autumn-time
To dream of days gone by,
To fill one's heart with things sublime,
And bring a little sigh.

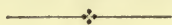
The leaves are falling from the trees,
The green is turning sear,
One hesitates, yet seldom sees,
The going of the year.

For life is like the song we sing,
If we have played it well;
The autumn-time shall each one bring
The things that do foretell.

The Dreaming Time

When the moon is in the beaming,
And the wind is sweet and cool,
Then is when you do your dreaming,
Shaping to the golden rule.

Then your dreams are made to fathom
All the hallowed ways of Love.
Like the chanted leaves come falling
From the shining stars above.



The Pleasure

The winsome daisy lifts its head
Up to the morning sun,
It gives to me a pleasant smile—
How freely is it done.

"It's time your work's begun," it says
"All things must delve and dig,"
And then it whispered on the side,
"Aren't all the good things big."



The Recompense

If your heart is overflowing
With the troubles of the day,
And you cannot see an outlet
As you go upon the way,
Drop a smile and words of greeting
To the friends that pass you by,
For the recompense of brooding
Is the utterance of a sigh.

By the River

I am going to the river
Where the waters have a sheen,
And the grass upon the hillside
Fast is turning into green;
Where the bud of bush is breaking
In upon the vernal tide,
And the birds are gaily singing
In the woodland far and wide.

I shall watch the waters wimple,
Dash and dance with greatest glee,
And shall sing a song of gladness
That again I am set free.
O the river! O the river!
Where the mystic shadows fall,
Full of mystery, full of beauty,
And the glories that enthrall.



Love-Time

It is May-time and love-time
All the world around,
And life is lived so sweetly
Wherever May is found.

It is June-time and bride-time
Wherever roses blow,
And Love is found so gaily
Playing on the bow.

It is May-time and June-time
All the year around,
When Love is with the lover
Wherever he is found.

Grandma

How gently she sleeps on the old wicker chair,
She sits and she nods in the fresh open air;
Tread lightly, my children, and make not a stir,
There's sweetness and mercy, so let her sleep there.
Some day, in thy goodness, sweet peace may be yours,
When you shall sit idly and rest on your oars.



Never, Never

Tall and stately are the lilies
Where my sweetheart waits for me,
Round about are morning glories
White and purple, fair to see.
O how lovely, lovely, lovely,
Are the scenes where we two live:
There is joy and love forever,
That but Love did ever give.

Fragrant are the purple lilacs
Where the humming bird doth wing;
By the jessamine so gaily
Come the robins when they sing;
And the evening, just at sunset,
Shadows into beauty rare,
When my sweetheart, full of gladness,
Bids me come and welcome there.

She is fretting, longing, sighing,
When alone she awaits for me
In the home where are her day dreams,
All the beauty that can be.
Never, never should come sorrow
To the loving, faithful heart,
Never, never should true lovers
See the time when they should part.

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